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LATIN SCHOOL

Vol. LXV

No. 5

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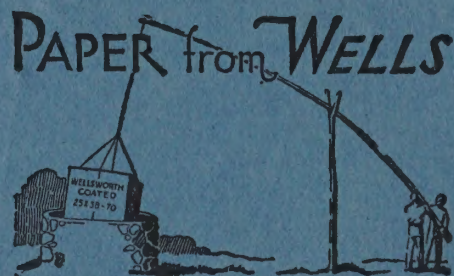


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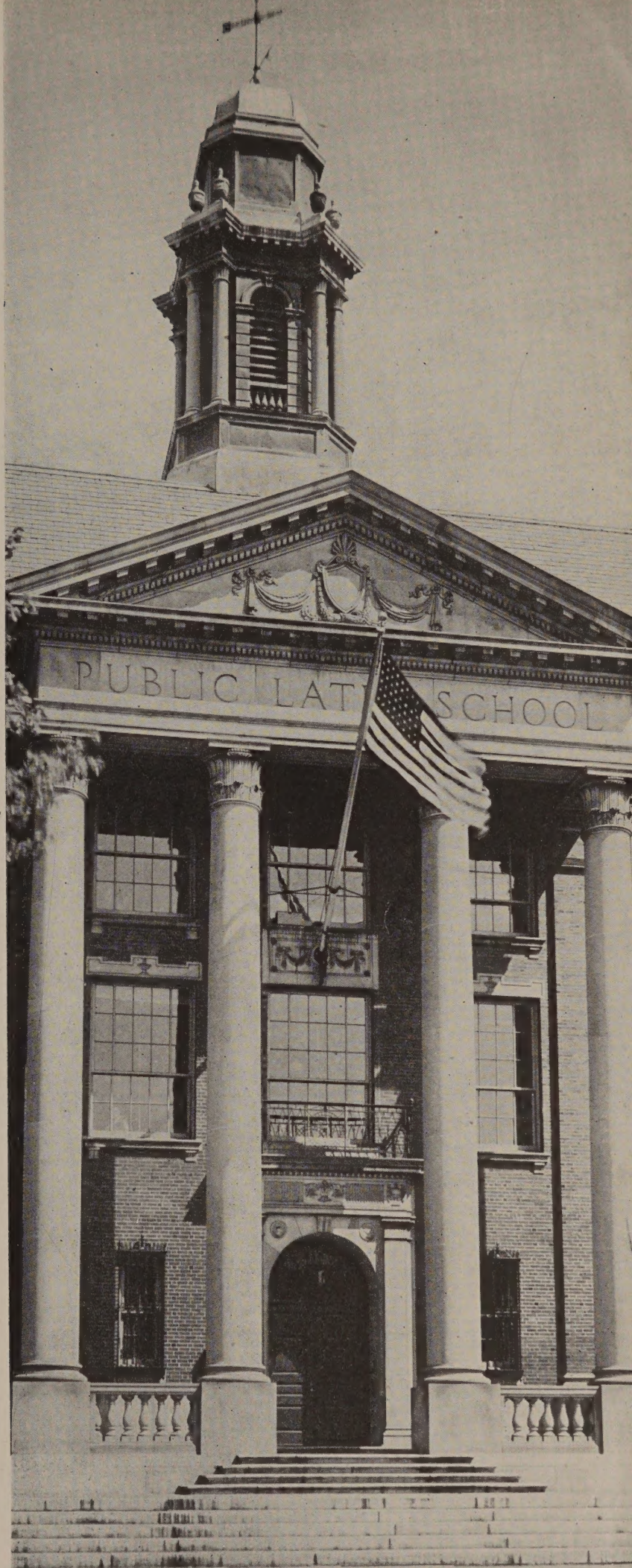
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No. 6

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THE HURRICANE

By S. EPSTEIN, '46

[First Prize Register Short Story Contest]

Thursday, September twenty-fifth, began like any ordinary day in Centropolis. The sun rose over the blinking, drowsy groups of workers huddled at bus-stops on their way to another day's work. At noon as clocks struck the hour and factory whistles tooted, it glared down upon the busy square. Office-workers were on their way to a mid-day meal, well-dressed business men discussed new deals; farm boys from Idaho, Oklahoma, Alabama, some in uniform and others in rough dress, made their uncertain way through the streets of "Big Town," seedy-looking loafers leaned against lamp posts. A shooting-gallery with a radio made its raucous echoes heard above the midday bedlam of honking cars, whistling policemen, crowds talking.

Suddenly a voice interrupted the noisy radio music: "Here is a bulletin from the Weather Bureau. A hurricane is approaching Centropolis from the southwest. The center of the storm is now located about 400 miles southwest of Centropolis. All precautions should be taken against southerly winds of seventy-five miles-per-hour with gusts up to ninety miles per hour. Tides at Centropolis will be about four feet higher than normal. Hurricane warnings are displayed all along the eastern coast. The storm is expected to reach Centropolis about nine P.M. Keep tuned for latest developments." That was all. The insistent music resumed its contribution to the tumult. The automobiles moved on, honking persistently. The policeman continued using his whistle liberally and flailing his arms;

people swept on, unaffected by the radio announcement, except perhaps for an occasional smile.

Only one man commented on the announcement. A well-dressed man with layers of fat about his jowls making him look like a bull-frog, growled hoarsely, "I hope it's a good stiff hurricane. Maybe there will be nothing to do tomorrow because the streetcars and busses may be unable to run."

By 1:30, the early afternoon newspapers shrieked the news: "Hurricane approaching." Many people stopping to read the headlines laughed and chattered to every one around them, saying how wonderful it would be if all transportation were paralyzed and they all had a day off. Later in the afternoon, when the school children were dismissed for the day, the pupils ran about shrieking with delight, wondering when the new kind of picnic would commence. The prospect of a one-day vacation was too good to be true.

Noticeably different from these smiling landlubbers in the downtown streets, was a veteran sailor here and there, his chest colored with campaign ribbons and decorations; his weather-beaten face grim. Was he thinking of that battle for which he had received no stars, that typhoon in the South China Sea? That storm had been more trying than facing the Japanese Imperial Fleet. What was an "Imperial Fleet" to the powers of nature on the rampage? His ship had gone down; water had conquered steel. Memories crowded his mind. "Joe" Phillips, the sailor who had occupied the bunk below his, was dead

on the floor of the South China Sea;
his friends, Ralph and Al, and a host of
others.

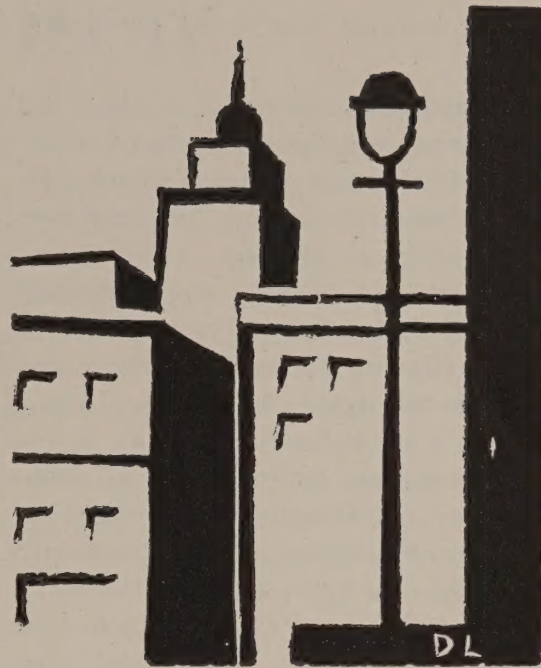
(There's many a good man lies sleeping
in the China Sea
in the Atlantic
in the Bay of Bengal
on the watery road to Murmansk
the victims of the treacherous sea.)

At midafternoon, several hundred miles east of the city of Centropolis, the trawler "Sea Spray" was making its lazy way home, its holds jammed with slimy fish. The fishermen were cheerful after a successful trip. The stench of fish below decks and in every available container on the decks was perfume to their nostrils. Those off duty were snoring happily in the bunk-house.

The radio operator was listening to the news in his shack when a bulletin flashed through the air waves, saying: "Hurricane warnings are displayed all along the east coast. All ships now at sea are cautioned to be prepared for heavy seas and high-velocity winds. All vessels which can return to port should do so at once."

The radio man dashed out of his shack to the mate, Si Wilson, and breathlessly related the news. Wilson awoke the sleeping captain. Almost instantly the drowsy vessel and its men were on the alert. Captain Petersen's sparkling blue eyes became serious. After calling the men together, he ordered the decks cleared of stacks of implements that usually clog decks of fishing ships. The men began the work solemnly, quietly.

By six the decks of the "Sea Spray" were cleared for action. The slimy deck was cleared of nets and barrels. It had been washed to provide a safe footing. Every man was at his station watching tensely for signs of the approaching tempest.



The skies were also making ready with hosts of ominous, black clouds. The sun disappeared. The steel-blue sea became a leaden gray. Even the white foam turned dingy. The water was now unruly. Sometimes it broke impetuously over the decks of the wallowing ship as if to give the vessel a free washing.

As night approached, the clouds grew darker. Thunder was rolling in the south, like gigantic tom-toms of the heavens. Intermittently flashes of lightning cast an eerie white light over the blackening waters. The vessel had advanced only forty miles during four hours, finding it increasingly difficult to fight the strong, rising southwest wind. About seven-thirty rain began to fall; not rain as land-dwellers know it, but a sheet of water, which so blended with the ocean water that no one could tell where the one or the other began. As the minutes passed, the storm assumed frightful proportions. The men, cringing ants in the face of such terrible power, took refuge in the cabins or stood on the decks, holding tightly to ropes or some other means of support as the mighty

waves swamped the vessel again and again.

Standing at the stern of the "Sea Spray" were two figures shrouded in the unearthly darkness. One was Jack Carella, a young hand on his first trip, nervously staring out into the Stygian blackness. Beside him was a stockier figure, his father Guy, now cursing himself for having brought his flesh and blood on this trip. At the wheel stood Captain Carl Petersen, thinking of the white bungalow on the high cliff looking over the Atlantic, where his tow-headed youngsters were at that moment. Would he ever again walk up the white lane leading to his home? Each man aboard was thinking of his loved ones. Would they ever see their wives, sons, fathers again? Weather-beaten, seafaring men are not wont to pray during crises, but some of them mumbled bits of half-forgotten verses.

Suddenly, about ten o'clock a shriek was heard at the stern. The mate made his way agilely to the place of the shout. Young Carella was nowhere to be seen. Guy was at the rail, climbing over. The mate leaped forward and caught Guy by the shoulder. Above the shrill whistling of the wind, he yelled, "Are you crazy jumping into the water during such a storm?" Guy, his face distorted with anguish, shrieked, "Let me go; Jack is there and I'm going, too," pointing to the inscrutable waters. The stocky fisherman wrenched his shoulder loose from the mate's grip and leaped over the rail. Wilson grasped the rail just in time to prevent himself from being swept overboard with the wretched pair. It was no use trying to save any one on such a night. The wind groaned.

Wilson made his way carefully to Captain Petersen at the wheel. One of the men was there, yelling about a leak in the hold. Already they could hear the tell-tale swish below decks. Petersen

was grim. In his mind there was turmoil. He owned this ship. He had put his life's savings into it. He had slaved and sweated to pay for it. Now he was losing it.

Unfortunate, puny man! Here, in the face of vast heaving seas and watery death, you dare to think of your insignificant savings; you, a speck in infinity.

The men were ordered to the pumps. They toiled tirelessly, although exhausted. Great danger gave them needed stamina. But in a few minutes it became evident that the "Sea Spray" was foundering. The waters came up to their ankles, their knees, their hips.

Captain Petersen finally ordered all men out of the hold. The life-boats were made ready. The men were frantic. They saw that it was certain death to remain on the trawler and almost certain death to embark on the life-boats. As they were lowering the emergency boats, the fishing boat's mighty heart burst. With a groan, she plunged into the troubled waters.

The next day children on their way to school were lamenting the fact that the hurricane had not been of sufficient strength to give them a day off. Their elders were not far behind in their disappointment. Everyone felt cheated.

. . . And buried in the middle of the Centropolis *Times* was a news item that read: "The trawler 'Sea Spray' is missing and presumed to have gone down in the hurricane."



Support the
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CONTRIBUTE

In a few more weeks, the summer vacation with all its liberties will be here. Accompanying it are many long hours of leisure and boredom which could well be put to use. The REGISTER knows that you have heard time and time again the plea to contribute material, and now it is making the same request again. The Staff feels that it is about time some things in the magazine were changed. A few of the column headings such as "Sports", "Over There", "Something of Interest", and the titles on the Staff and Contents pages have been used much too long. Also, there is still need, and always will be, for writers of prose and verse, for artists who can draw covers and cartoons, and for photographers with judgment and ability.

Therefore, let no one give the excuse that he did not have enough time to write anything. Remember it's *your* magazine, and you have all summer to make it a bigger and better one. If the Latin School REGISTER doesn't win first prizes, who is to blame?



IT'S ONLY HALF OVER

On May 8, 1945 at 6:01 P.M., E.W.T., the order to "cease firing" ended the war in Europe. On that day there was rejoicing in most places all over the world, but on that day too some of our hearts were saddened at the thought of those who did not live to see it. From Franklin D. Roosevelt to the unknown "G. I. Joe", we'll miss them.

Just sit down to think a minute. What happened? If ever there was a day when evil got it in the neck officially, that was it. The supermen were the recipients of a superlicking. It brought dictionary revision inasmuch as an optimist is now defined as "a person who thinks that V-E Day will bring chicken for next Sunday's dinner."

Not one of us can afford to let up on our war efforts until V-J Day. The Japanese may take either the hint or the consequence: your query is as good as ours. Until then there is no cause for jubilation. Keep buying bonds because it's only half over.

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REVENGE

By P. J. MILLER, '46

Ling Sen was old, very old. His brawny back was bowed with the weight of many years' toil. His mighty arms, which had seen many a planting and harvesting, now were hard and brittle with age. Ling Sen could remember when one might, standing on the knoll close to his house, look for miles over fields of waving grain. Many a time had Ling Sen held the plow in his hands and pressed it deep into the brown earth. The smell of the sweating ox was like perfume to his nostrils.

Now all was changed. The fields lay barren, empty. The plow was covered with rust, and the bones of the ox had long ago whitened and crumbled to dust. The enemy had come, these new rulers of a "New Asia"; and they had taken his seed, his grain, his work, even his land.

With the advent of the Japanese, in place of the years of plenty, Ling Sen saw years of horror. The enemy plundered and pillaged. They killed. On the very edge of his field, which his ancestors had held for countless generations before him, they erected a huge sprawling factory. Here, day after day, the people, conscripted from nearby provinces worked, turning out arms to kill their own people.

At last it was spring again, and, deep in Ling Sen's heart grew an urge to go out to his fields, to plow, to plant, to watch the fruits of his labor. What was this "New Asia" that the conquerer had brought? Could not a man till his own land? But he had neither seed, nor plow, nor ox. So he kept silent; but within he cried for revenge—revenge for his people, his family, his dead sons, and his starving grandsons; revenge for the violated land.

Every day great fleets of airships, his airships, those of China, roared across the skies, seeking for prey below. Ling Sen waited them carefully, and then he saw that they flew by without seeing the factory, which had been cleverly camouflaged. His time had come!

So it was that, on the next day, he stood bareheaded in the field. Here, under the blazing sun, with a hoe in his hands, he worked. All morning long and into the early afternoon he hoed the ground with furrows. Patiently he raised and lowered the implement—up and down, up and down. . . . The hot sun beat upon him, forcing beads of sweat to appear on his bare back. His tired old arms ached with labor; still he worked on.

A Japanese officer, passing by, was struck by the sight of this lone peasant tilling his land.

"Ho, you! What are you doing, you inferior infidel, you son of a dog?"

"Planting, O most honorable one, planting for the emperor and for his honorable troops."

"Very well," said he; and turning to his aide, cried, "drive on!"

Ling Sen, laughing to himself, turned once more to his labor. And then there came a loud droning in the air. The noise grew louder and louder; it came closer and closer. It was the bombers passing over as they did every other day. Yet today Ling Sen did not stand to watch as he had before. Instead he threw his tired body into the rich brown earth, and lay there, tense with expectancy.

Then it came—the bombers, peeling off in wave after wave came sweeping in, low over Ling Sen's field and sent bomb after bomb into the factory. The

reddish smoke curled high into the spring air. Ling Sen, gripping the earth between his hands, smiled. This earth, which the conqueror wished to take, this earth which he had so long held, this earth was the agent of his

revenge.

High in the air another wave of bombers swept in, following the arrow on the field below which pointed straight at the heart of the enemy factory.



"CAN YOU SAVE A LIFE?"

By CHAS. H. FOX, '46

In the present war many men have been saved by skill in life-saving techniques. With this thought in mind I am glad to report that Latin School has added to its extracurricular activities a Red Cross Senior Life-Saving Course, sponsored by the Boston School Committee. Early in the school year several boys registered for this course and upon completion will receive their Red Cross Senior Life Saving Certificates. Such an award will qualify them to do life-saving and water safety work at municipal and state beaches, not to mention the innumerable positions open to them at summer camps throughout the Commonwealth.

A brief summary of what has been taking place at the Roxbury Boys' Club every Monday and Friday afternoon for the past six months is in order. At our first class we were introduced to our amiable and competent instructor, Mr. Charles S. Farrar, who has fourteen years of successful aquatic work to his credit. At the start, Mr. Farrar (or Charlie, as he is known to most of us) explained the vital importance of the work we were to study. Mindful of this, we proceeded to master the different approaches, carrier, breaks, etc., all so vital to life-saving. With every lesson came

a review of all the ground previously covered, until all was second nature to us. Now, when "Charlie" calls for a rescuer to break a front strangle-hold, level off his victim in the chin pull, and carry him away in the cross-chest carry, we know what is wanted without question. Resuscitation as a major asset to life-saving was one of the main points of study, but a very dry one—it kept us out of the pool. Having completed this interesting series of lessons, we feel we have acquired a knowledge that will prove beneficial to us and recommend it as a worthwhile study.

We who have had the opportunity to take this life-saving course thank those who made it possible. We also extend our appreciation to Messrs. Cleary, Dolan, and other masters for their co-operation, and to our instructor for his tireless efforts.

The following is a list of "Charlie's" B.L.S. "aquabats": E. J. Blake, W. J. Collins, C. D. Dawson, A. G. Devejian, F. J. Finnegan, M. B. Finks, L. F. Foley, F. E. Gassiraro, D. H. Gilbert, W. T. Glennon, A. J. Kapp, F. L. Lake, F. E. O'Brien, B. O. Daly, W. J. Reid, W. J. Rust, A. J. Sexton, J. Shagoury, W. J. Wise, D. Wolf, and, last and probably least, the writer, C. H. Fox.

We'll Never Learn

.... that desks are made to hold the printed mediums of learning—not us.



.... that there are bells which do not end the period.

.... how this can calm the nerves of the young! ☆☆☆ of Class VI →



.... why some 18 youths monthly subject themselves to the Public Declamation.

The boys patiently awaiting their turn.



PARACHUTE TO STALAG LII

By ROBERT RESNICK, '48

A Flying Fortress, its fuselage demolished by Messerschmitts, plummeted toward earth. Aware of the treatment awaiting them in the event of capture, the pilot tried to stave off disaster, but his efforts were futile.

From Lt. Bill Walker, pilot of the "Brooklyn," came the order to abandon ship. The crew obeyed and proceeded to jump. Navigator Karl Reiner's final calculations placed the "Brooklyn" two miles north of Berchtesgaden. One by one the men hurtled through space and soon found themselves in a land of rubble and desolation.

The men, led by Lt. Walker, after food and shelter, approached a dirt road. Suddenly Russ Miller, tail gunner, shouted excitedly, "A house, about five hundred yards away!" Fearing a trap, the flyers advanced cautiously. They saw, much to their surprise, a spacious, abandoned estate, formerly the residence of an influential Nazi official, who had previously fled to Norway.

Unknown to the men, their presence on the estate was observed by a German civilian, concealed in near-by bushes. He hastened to report the flyers' presence. Unaware, the Americans entered the building and were fortunate enough to find an abundance of food.

Lt. Walker, realizing the end of the war was fast approaching, declared, "Our chances are good if we just stay here and mind our own business until the Germans give up. Then we can rejoin the occupation forces." The co-pilot, 2nd Lt. Pete Higgins, disagreed because he wanted to disrupt communications in the German rear. His suggestion was vetoed.

The discussion of plans was interrupted by the arrival of a detail of goose-stepping Nazis summoned by the alert civilian. Their commander, a militant Prussian, ordered the Americans to surrender or face the consequences; the consequences being the complete destruction of the estate together with its occupants. A hasty conference followed inside the building; the airmen thought it best to avoid bloodshed. The tail-gunner held out his shirt as a token of surrender; whereupon the Nazis entered the house, relieved the Americans of their weapons, and commanded them into a waiting German car.

It was some time before the captives arrived at their destination, Stalag Luft II. The airmen gazed at the immense edifice, with its cold, grey walls which seemed to warn against attempted escape. Stalag Luft II contained three sumptuous administration buildings, which although constructed for expediency, had secure foundations as protection against frequent attacks of Allied airforces. They were further secured by the erection of a spacious, subterranean cavern, where the camp officials fled in an air raid. It was equipped with every conceivable means of defense.

The German captain, having arrived, ordered the Americans into one of the administration buildings. Inside they descried a bemonocled, militant Nazi.

"Vot have ve here?" he asked.

"Yankees, ve picked them up after Herr Ritter saw them near Herr Kleiger's house. Ve brought him here instead of going ten miles to Gestapo Headquarters. I think they were shot down about six hours ago."

"Good, I see our anti-aircraft gunners still have good aim! Take them away."

The fliers were then interrogated by the Colonel's aide, a lieutenant, who, as a matter of course, questioned them as to names, ranks, and serial numbers. The captives were marched to their place of confinement. The building was damp, cold, and dreary. It had been improvised hurriedly by the Germans two years before, when vast numbers of the Allied fighters were engulfed by the advancing German hordes, and now housed members of the American Army Air Forces.

On entering, the captives witnessed an appalling sight. There, lying prostrate before them, were the bodies of some two hundred odd men, their figures gaunt and haggard, the result of malnutrition. One of the men, his bones protruding from his wasted frame, said feebly, "Look, the Huns got some more!!" The men of the "Brooklyn" could only gasp in horror and stare at the scene before them.

"Where'd they get you?" queried the lad.

"Near Kleiger's house. Some Nazi saw us and reported it," said Lt. Walker. "But say," continued the lieutenant, "how did you men get in this condition?"

"The Germans," said a blond, emaciated flier, "fed us potatoes and little else. Our only hope has been the Red Cross. They've supplied us some, although many still die from hunger. If this camp were taken today, some of us would die anyway. Some men are beyond medical aid. Some of us have been killed. I'll never forget the break we once tried: Not all of us were in on it; we were plenty scared. Those who did try went out of the barracks at midnight. They reached the wall and started to scale it. Then it came. German machine guns started to sweep the

wall. The men dropped like flies; scores were killed." Here the flier, overcome, sadly stated, "My brother was killed trying to escape. We both managed to get on the same ship when we went into the service, and it was tough to see him mowed down. Most of the men who were caught by the Germans were tried and sentenced to death. They were shot the next day. For punishment the Germans refused to feed us for two days."

"You men have certainly suffered."

"We have," he agreed. "A few men have become mental cases because of the treatment. Some have had pneumonia; most of them did not survive. How are things going on the outside, lieutenant? I've been a prisoner a year now."

"The war," said the lieutenant, "is going well. We're in the heart of Germany now, and it looks like it'll be all over soon. Those Nazis don't know when they're licked."

Their conversation concluded, the men of the "Brooklyn" were introduced to their fellow prisoners. The airmen who had been there two years or more were in a pitiable condition; many, in order to retain their remaining vitality, did not converse. Their only means of communication was a soul-piercing gaze.

During their confinement at Stalag Luft II, the expectation concerning the arrival of the Allied forces was great. The Americans pondered the effect of their liberation upon themselves, their families, and the other airmen. The captives whiled away the time, amusing themselves with innumerable games.

It was only a fortnight after the arrival of the airmen under Lt. Walker that the occupants of the camp were awakened by the public-address system announcing that German forces had contacted the Allied forces and ordering all Germans to take their posts. The prisoners could distinctly hear the ap-

proaching American cannon. Gradually the German ability to withstand the pulverizing attack collapsed and the Nazi commander attempted to flee. His plans, however, were stopped by the accuracy of an American infantryman. Their leader dead and the Nazis no longer able to withstand the attack, they yielded. Within fifteen minutes of their surrender, the public-address system was in the capable hands of a GI, who

proclaimed:

"Prisoners, this camp has been taken. The Germans have surrendered. You're free!!"

His concise message created mass hysteria; and the fear that had gripped the hearts of the prisoners vanished magically.

One of the airmen remarked, "Boy, are we lucky?" They were; they were alive.

A TRIBUTE ON V-E DAY TO F.D.R.

By STANLEY F. CHYET, '49

I.

You didn't live to see this day, for which you fought so long and hard.
You didn't live to hear the bugles blow.
You didn't live to see the victory you had won.
But now, immortal leader, rest in peace.
The battle is over, the smoke clears.
The curtain rises on a new and peaceful world.

II.

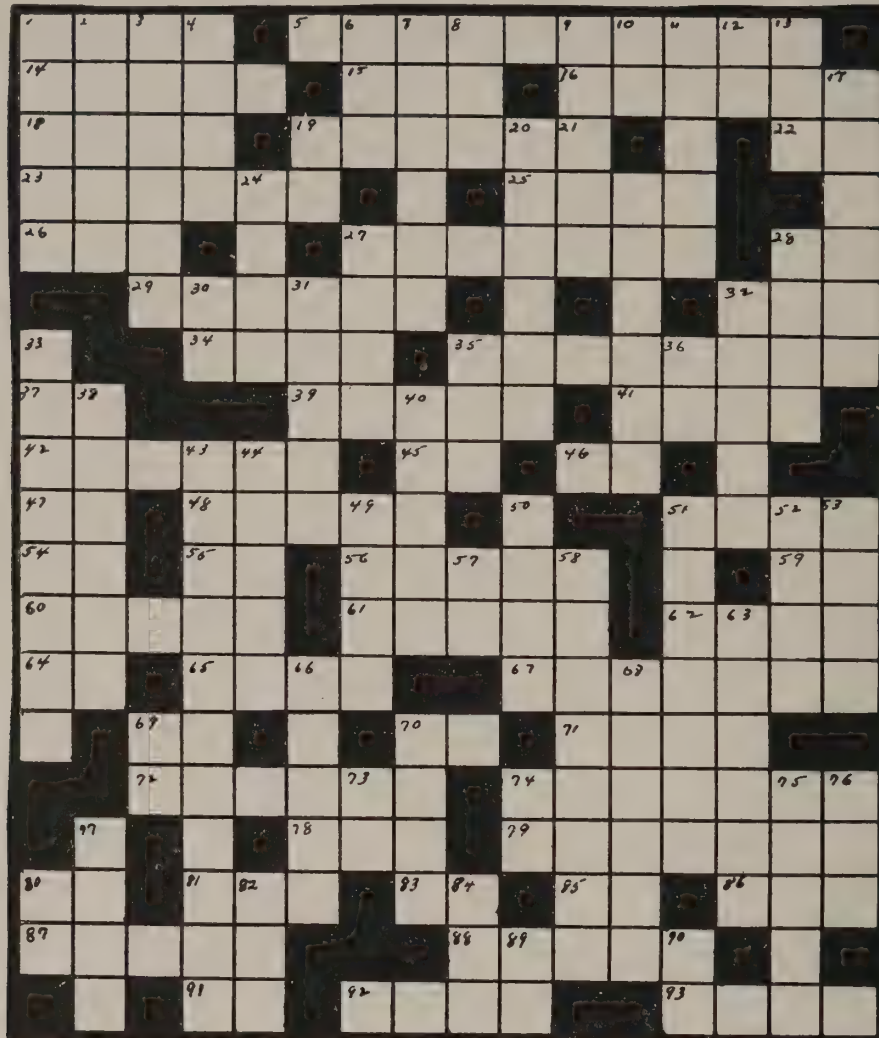
Rest now in peace, dear leader.
We've not forgotten your ideals;
You live on.
A new world arises—
A world of peace and happiness, in accordance with your plan.
Rest, dear leader;
You didn't live to see this day, but be happy.
Without your brave, warm spirit and your faith in God,
Your love of mankind, this day could not have come.

III.

Rest now, departed leader.
You did your job—did it well and to the end.
You gave your life for your country;
No one can do more.
Rest in peace.
The swastika lies trampled in the dust.
The Rising Sun shall set in its own blood.
Rest in peace. Your job is done.
Go now to your richly deserved reward.
And dwell in the house of the Lord, forever.

B. L. S. BRAIN TEASER

It took our Latin Department only thirty minutes to solve this puzzle.
How long will it take you?



(The solution is on page 27.)

ACROSS

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| 1. Love. | 23. Would that. |
| 5. Urgently. | 25. Abbreviation of Penn's Woods. |
| 14. You (sing.) give away. | 26. Sedit. |
| 15. Dominus caeli. | 27. The rest of (the world). |
| 16. Famous Persian general. | 28. Introducing a protasis. |
| 18. They (masc.). | 29. (I have) feelings. |
| 19. Another name for perfect tense. | 32. Errors (gen. case pl.) (vowels only). |
| 22. Ita. | |

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 34. Praise. | 65. Lo! |
| 35. An incentive. | 67. Graceful (men) (dat ease). |
| 37. Prefix meaning back. | 69. Towards. |
| 39. I am wise. | 70. Esse. |
| 41. I employ. | 71. Pacatum (animal). |
| 42. Glory. | 72. Famous letter-writer. |
| 45. Case ending. | 74. (He made) erasures. |
| 46. You (sing.) are. | 78. Pisum. |
| 47. These (things). | 79. Alter misfit. |
| 48. It might be. | 80. River in northern Italy. |
| 51. I surrender. | 81. There. |
| 54. I brand (consonants only). | 83. Matter (abl. sing.). |
| 55. He manages (consonants only). | 85. I wage (consonants only). |
| 56. Thirst (acc. sing.). | 86. The intellect (consonants only). |
| 59. Nominative sing. case ending of "brother". | 87. Sleep (dat. case). |
| 60. To defend. | 88. Auxilium. |
| 61. Cepi furtim. | 91. Case ending. |
| 62. Yield (sing. impve.). | 92. Aliguis. |
| 64. Case ending. | 93. Bones. |

DOWN

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Another. | 38. Puffed up (masc. sing.) |
| 2. Island in Mediterranean Sea. | 40. He attacks. |
| 3. A forgotten (woman). | 43. Return (pl impve). |
| 4. Pluvia. | 44. There. |
| 6. A word Cicero likes to use. | 49. To be. |
| 7. You shudder at. | 50. Colo. |
| 8. To be published. | 51. Tenth. |
| 9. Foreign. | 52. I gave. |
| 10. Affirmative in clause after verb of fearing. | 53. You may beg. |
| 11. Across. | 57. Ad. |
| 12. Out from. | 58. Concilia. |
| 13. Matters. | 63. I might put forth. |
| 17. Ally. | 66. I began. |
| 19. Sum. | 68. To extend. |
| 20. I look at. | 69. And so. |
| 24. Country now called Asia Minor (Latin). | 70. Aper. |
| 27. Cottage. | 73. Matter (abl. case). |
| 28. Acidus. | 74. Ecce. |
| 30. I am unwilling (consonants only). | 75. (For three) years. |
| 31. Muses (acc). | 76. You may be (consonant only, pl.). |
| 32. Domo fugio. | 77. Cucullus. |
| 33. Silver. | 80. Postscript (abbreviation). |
| 35. I may be. | 82. Cow. |
| 36. "As" with the indicative. | 84. (I saw) her. |
| | 89. Direct reflexive. |
| | 90. Ad. |

YOUR YEARBOOK

By CLIFFORD G. VERNICK, '46

One of the things that a boy cherishes most on his graduation from Boston Latin School is the *Liber Actorum* of his class. To the undergraduates, it is, of course, just another added attraction with good pictures, queer quotations, and a chance to see their pictures, in print; but *not* to the graduate himself. For him, it holds the memories of one of the most enjoyable periods of his life, something to look back on and treasure.

However, few students, and Seniors, too, realize just how much work is put into the Yearbook in order to make it something for the Class to take pride in. When the time comes for planning "The Book of Deeds", a committee is chosen to help the Executive Chairman with his tasks. The first of these is to collect the pictures of all Seniors. To do this in itself is a sizable job, and usually lasts a month or more. By this time, Class Day is over, and more attention can now be devoted to the construction of the "Book." The boy in charge now finds himself burdened with new headaches: photographs, club pictures, dedications, and the proper quotation under each boy's name. The Yearbook Committee now starts to work. Each boy is given an assignment, now starts, and the actual layout of the "Liber" is begun. However, new worries loom. Shortages of help and material are now felt. Hounding the printer and engraver is another job, carried on incessantly, if everything is to turn out right. More trouble presently announces itself in the form of Yearbook slips. These usually require much



labor; for, if not corrected, peculiar people enter the pages: club members never seen at a meeting, delegates to unheard-of conventions, and more prize-winners than there are prizes.

Thus, Seniors, your Yearbook is put together. Therefore, remember when you and undergrads, too, receive the *Liber Actorum*, you are looking at the end-result brought about by long hours of hard work.

Joseph R. Phillips

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59 CLIFFORD STREET
ROXBURY MASS.



Latin Romps, 13-5

An inspired B.L.S. aggregation took the field against a mediocre Roslindale nine and left with a 13-5 victory tucked away. Kenney allowed only seven scattered hits for a total of five runs, while the Latin bats were far from silent, bang-out out fifteen safeties.

Totals

	R.	H.	E.
B. L. S.	13	15	4
Roslindale	5	7	6

Latin Bows, 6-0

Completely befuddled by the pitching of Tech's star, Reardon, who struck out thirteen batters, B.L.S. suffered its first defeat. Kenney pitched until the fourth, when he was succeeded by Gibson, later relieved by Tuttle. High spot of the game was young Powell's two hits of Latin's five.

Totals

	R.	H.	E.
B. L. S.	0	5	2
Tech.	6	10	1

Hyde Park Beats B.L.S. 6-3

"Dave" Gilbert took the mound for the Latins and did well; but a strong Hyde Park team managed to put their five hits to good use and came up with six runs, which proved enough to beat the Purple and White.

Totals

	R.	H.	E.
B. L. S.	3	3	2
Hyde Park	6	5	3

Latin -6; St. Marks -7

It was a fourth inning four-run rally that brought about the downfall of the boys from Ave. Louis Pasteur at Southboro. Alberti was Mr. Fitzgerald's mound choice, but he was relieved by Coshnear in the fifth. Despite Latin's slugging, too many errors spelled defeat.

Totals

	R.	H.	E.
B. L. S.	6	11	5
St. Mark's	7	5	5

B. L. S. Downed Again

It may have been V-E Day, but the boys from "Eastie" didn't care. They too must have heard the President ask that no one let up on his efforts, while the B.L.S. nine was so completely overcome by the news that they were unable to collect more than three hits for a total of two runs. Kenney was once again the mound choice. All in all, he turned in a creditable performance, but it was the old story of too little too late.

Totals

	R.	H.	E.
B. L. S.	2	4	3
East Boston	4	8	1

Outdoor Track

We hope that we aren't putting the "kiss of death" on the track team in saying that it will be one of the teams to beat in the current season.

To start, the team has such "iron men" for the mile and half mile relays as Finnegan, Sager, Curran, and Dempsey. Dempsey and Finnegan will try their luck at the quarter mile run, while Sager and Curran will toe the mark at the 220 and 440 starting line. Greeley and Cohan look good in the 100-yard dash, but there is a possibility of the latter's not running because of a throat irritation. The team will also miss

Dave Gilbert, who was the team's only representative in the hurdles. He will be out because of the baseball games. Matt Branche, who scored ten of Latin's twelve odd points in the indoor State Meet and who by some quirk of fate will be absent, will indeed be sorely missed by the team.

Schedule

Newton - Malden - English - Latin

	May 16
Belmont Relays	May 19
Reggie Trials	May 21
Reggie Finals	May 22
State Meet	May 26

LITTLE MAN

By HARLAN B. HAMILTON, '46

Oh, little man
With dirty face,
You are not rich,
You have no grace;
Your coat is torn,
You have no toys,
Or have the fun
Of other boys.
And yet I see
Sleep in your eye,
The greatness of
Some bye and bye.
The world is made
Of men like thee,
Who rise up and
Triumph over misery.
And oh, I hope
That you will be
Far, far greater
Than little me.
I say all this,
For you see,
In spite of all,
I love thee,
Little man.

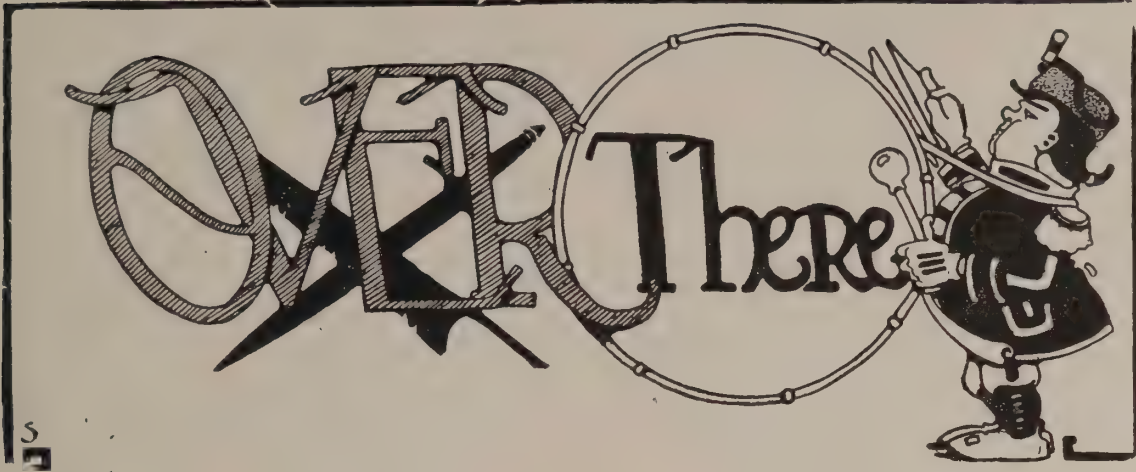
FORSAKEN HOST

By HARLAN B. HAMILTON, '46

There was a very fat ghost,
Who was a lonely old ghost;
But, an excellent host—was he.
And he lived in a castle—
A grey, tumble-down castle.
On the shores of the River Dee.

Seeking shelter one night,
A Scot near died of fright;
For, who should offer him tea?
Why, the lonely, fat ghost,
The very excellent host
Who lived by the River Dee.

At sight of the ghost,
Who was an excellent host,
The Scotsman in haste did flee
From the walls of the castle—
The old, tumble-down castle,
Which lay by the River Dee.



As victory over the European foe has now become a reality, we hasten to express our gratitude to those who brought about our triumph. There were many Latin School alumni among these heroic men. Hundreds have fought, a large number has been wounded, and some have died.

Pvt. Joseph Silverstein, '44, was killed in Germany April, 1945. At Latin School he was the winner of the Class of 1888 Scholarship. He was a student at Harvard before entering the service.

Pvt. Melvin I. Goldman, '39, died of wounds received in action in Germany, April 4, 1945.

Pfc. Harold H. Silverstein, '42, was wounded a second time. He had already been awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received December 1, in France, when he was wounded again in Germany with the Seventh Army.

Lt. Donald R. Hall, '35, who was with Patton's army in its advance across France and Germany, was awarded the Silver Star.

Sgt. Richard C. Kobrin, '42, is recuperating from illness in a hospital in France. He entered the service in January 1943, and was in the Seventh Army.

Arthur S. Collins, '33, has just been promoted to Colonel. He is now one of the youngest colonels in the Army. Collins commanded the regiment which figured in many battles in the Philip-

pinas and which captured Baguio, the summer capital. He was graduated from West Point in 1940 with the rank of Lieutenant, after which he advanced very rapidly: Captain in '41, Major in '42, and Colonel in '45.

Pfc. Kenneth Schwartz of the Marines saved his mates on Okinawa through his alertness. One night fifteen Japs tried to invade the battalion command post, set up in the village. Schwartz saw the first attacker coming down a side street. Schwartz killed him after the Jap had hurled a faulty grenade.

S/Sgt. Sidney A. Matthews, '23, is with a malaria control unit at a base hospital in New Hebrides. He entered the Army in December, 1942.

Frank Corliss has returned with his wife and 5-year-old daughter after four years' imprisonment in Jap prison camps. A graduate of M.I.T., Corliss had gone to the Philippines as an agent of the General Electric Company. Corliss and his family were among the victims of Japanese cruelty. In the four years Corliss lost eighty pounds as a result of insufficient food.

Rear Admiral Harold W. Smith, '96, is in charge of the Bethesda Naval Hospital, Bethesda, Maryland.

The following is an additional partial list of men who have been graduated from both Latin School and Harvard and are now in the service:

1st Lieut. Bertram F. Scheffreen, '20,
Medical Corps, Army
1st Lieut. Joseph S. Shubow, '16, Chap-
lain Corps, U. S. Army.
Lt. Norman S. Rabinovitz, '21, Supply
Corps, Navy (Relieved from active
duty after 40 months' service)
1st Lieut. Joseph Auerbach, '29, QM
Corps, Army
Lt. Thos. H. Bilodeau, '32, Deck officer,
Naval Aviation
Lt. Col. Frederick R. Sullivan, '23,
QM Corps, Army
Lt. James E. Tobin, '23, Deck officer,
Navy
A/S Austin F. Lyne, '44, Navy
S/Sgt. Sherwood D. Fox, '35, Army Air
Force
Capt. Herbert Whiting, '22, Air Trans.
Command
Cpl. Dana Schnittkind, '35, Army
Tech. Sgt. 5th Grade Gerald D. Roscoe,
'37, Army Engineers
Ens. Brendan J. Reilly, '41, Deck Officer,
Navy
Pvt. Earl M. Wedrow, '41, A.S.T.U.,
Army Engineers
Ens. Harvey I. Meyers, '42, Deck Of-
ficer, Navy

Dr. Harry Pollard, '35, has been
awarded one of the five Frank B.
Jewett fellowships of the American
Telephone & Telegraph Co. The fellow-
ships are awarded for research in the
physical sciences. Pollard, a graduate
of Harvard, is a member of the Applied
Mathematics Group in Columbia.

The Boston Latin School Association
held its annual banquet on May 2.
The new officers for the year 1945-'46
are:

Pres. Samuel Silverman, '11
Vice Pres., Earl E. Dairson, '96

*Standing Committee For Three Year
Term*

Frederick J. Gillis, '12
Lee J. Dunn, '24
Julian D. Steele, '25

Servicemen Present at the Banquet

Major E. J. Burlando, '38
A/S Calnan, '44
Ens. E. Lee, '42
Lt. Edwin T. Anthony, '30
Fl/c Joseph Griffin
Lt. Wm. J. Sullivan
Major W. T. Cloney, '29
Lt. Robert M. Rodman, '30
Sgt. J. Lipson, '35
A/S W. Peterson, '44

A. J. BAND, '46



REGISTER HONORS

Did you know that the Boston Latin
School REGISTER has had in 1944-'45
one of its most successful years? It has
been awarded two prizes already and
more are expected. At the Eastern
Massachusetts Scholastic Press Con-
ference, the REGISTER was awarded first
prize for Class A magazines over almost
thirty others that had been submitted.
The second prize received, was First
Honors from the Columbia Scholastic
Press Conference and awarded by the
Lithographers National Association.

The Staff is proud that the maga-
zine has received these prizes, and hopes
that it will be even more successful in
the coming year.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The Staff wishes to beg Mr. Weinert's
pardon, and inform the students that
he was graduated from the Univ. of
Chicago and not from the Univ. of
Chicago High School in 1915.

THE CLASS OF '45

By PHILIP A. HARRIGAN, '45

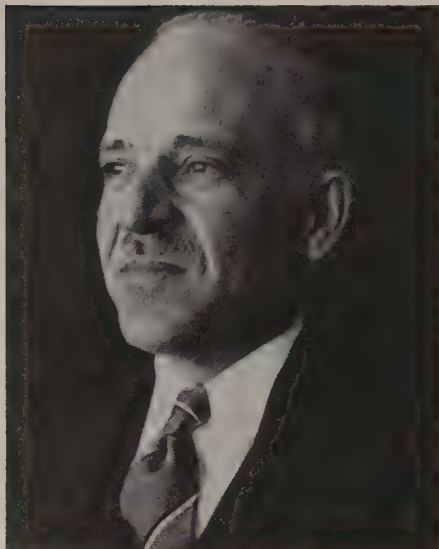
With heads erect and untrembling lip,
March off our valiant boys to meet the
 foe,
To save our land from tyrants' grip
And pass along freedom's torch aglow.
War is begun, and school is done;
Deponite libros!

After Lexington and Concord, that we
 might survive,
Men like Adams and Paine declared us
 free.
Then Latin's dauntless sons of 'seventy-
 five
Advanced to defend this bold decree.
War is begun, and school is done;
Deponite libros!

In 'sixty-one, with unity sought in vain,
Latin school boys arose to respond.
They fought to make this nation one
 again,
And from the oppressed struck loose
 the bond.
War is begun, and school is done;
Deponite libros!

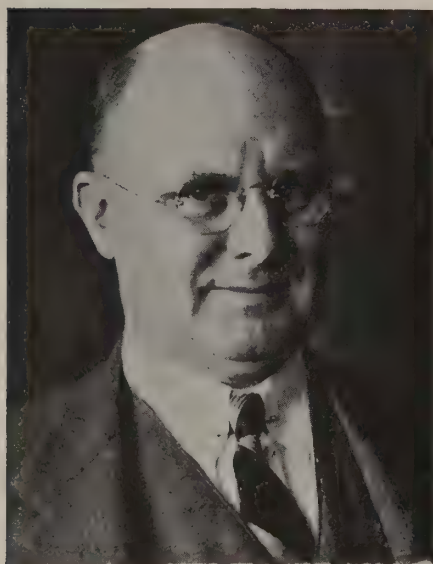
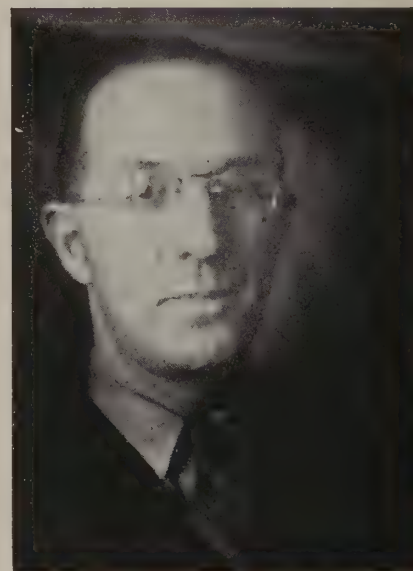
Now, with muscles taut and purpose
 sure,
In ships and planes and tanks of steel,
Some, with blood, our freedom keep se-
 cure
And proudly do they die with boundless
 zeal.
War is begun, and school is done;
Deponite libros!

OUR LORDS AND MASTERS



MR. LORD teaches physics and general science in Room 322 . . . Attended grammar and high school in Hopkinton, N. H. . . . Received B.S. from University of New Hampshire, '17 . . . Did postgraduate work at Harvard University, '36 . . . Has taught in many cities throughout eastern Massachusetts . . . Came to B.L.S. in '29 . . . Married: Two daughters, one at Wellesley and one at Jackson . . . Hobbies: Likes to work on his eighty-acre farm in the summer . . . Advice to students: Study as broadly as possible, at every opportunity

MR. FINN teaches English in Room 132 . . . Graduated from English High School, '14, where he had an extended vacation . . . Graduated from Tufts College, '19, and received A.M. from Harvard, '20 . . . Spent two years in postgraduate study at Columbia University . . . Main hobby is correcting tests . . . School activities — "I check attendance at the Glee Club meetings and carry the records to the Music Appreciation Club" . . . Theme through the years: "Most Latin School boys should go to English High."



MR. FALVEY teaches mathematics in Room 222 . . . Attended Berwick Academy, Maine . . . A.B. from University of Maine, '17 . . . Served in U. S. Army, 1917-19, as sergeant of infantry overseas . . . Went to same military training school as Mr. Godfrey . . . After war, taught at such private schools as Powder Pt. Academy and Berkeley Preparatory School . . . Appointed to B.L.S. in '29 . . . Married . . . Spends summers fishing, swimming sailing, and playing tennis at the Cape . . . Member, American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars . . . Has taught every high school subject but Latin.

Something of Interest.



BULLETIN: "All boys in Classes III and II must make their elections for subjects in Classes II and I respectively. Boys of Class II have 25 programs from which to choose . . . and, if you don't like any of the programs we have made up for you—make one yourself!"

Boy, did that sound interesting when we first heard it? You could make up your own program! But wait a minute; it wasn't as simple nor as "hunky-dory" as it had seemed. We soon learned that almost everyone HAD to take English, Latin, and physics, which left openings for *two* more subjects. Then you were politely told that you had a choice—let's say, between French, German or math; but since you had already decided on an academic course and you were flunking math, then you'd better take French.

Well, I'll be hornswoggled! So you can select any program you like, can you? I think I'll retire and be a philanthropist.

P.S.: Lately I've been thinking seriously of repeating a year.

* * *

Friday, May 4th, Prize Drill Day, came around; and all that could be heard was the steady drip, drip, splash, plop, patter, patter, ping pong of the rain on the roof. We were all shocked to hear of the change of plans; and loud groans could be distinctly heard above the rain. . . .

But came Monday with its beautiful sunshine and Prize Drill, with the following companies winning the honors:

1ST REGIMENT

<i>Capt.</i>	<i>Points</i>
1. 6th Co.—Thomas J. Finn	923
2. 11th Co.—E. Paul Kelly	923
3. 8th Co.—Richard L. Brown	922
4. 4th Co.—Warren A. Colson	918
5. 7th Co.—Gerald Kelley	914
6. 9th Co.—Francis Sullivan	910
7. 12th Co.—Paul Kennedy	909
8. 1st Co.—Charles Dawson	909
9. 13th Co.—Norman Kaplan	907
10. 14th Co.—Peter Hines	906

2ND REGIMENT

<i>Capt.</i>	<i>Points</i>
1. 13th Co.—James F. Sullivan	892
2. 10th Co.—John Kenney	866
3. 14th Co.—Paul Solomon	861
4. 12th Co.—James Fitzgerald	790
5. 6th Co.—Arthur Quinn	787
6. 3rd Co.—Richard Sullivan	780
7. 9th Co.—Frank Finnegan	776
8. 1st Co.—George Vazakas	771
9. 2nd Co.—Alfred B. Sullivan	763
10. 4th Co.—Donald Fay	761

Strangely enough, the Band's music sounded oh, so sweet; but we were soon brought back to reality by the loud assault of the Drum Corps.

All in all, I'm sure everybody who witnessed Prize Drill was pleased.

* * *

Here are the results of Prize Reading, held recently:

1st—Alfred B. Sullivan
 2nd—Brendan J. MacGovern
 3rd—Merrill R. Lovinger
 Special III & IV—Thomas F. Kennedy
 Special V and VI—William F. Looney

If you're interested in getting more details about it, consult your next year's catalogue.

In this year's *Herald-Traveler Spelling Bee* Paul Solomon of Class I and Joel Berg of Class II were finalists. Joel won a gold medal for himself and a silver cup for the school because of the fact that he won top honors for the entire eleventh grade of the Boston Public Schools.

The REGISTER extends hearty congratulations!

When the younger members of the school entered the Hall on May 14, 1945 to hear a discussion on "giving India her independence," as part of the Junior Town Meeting, they were not prepared for the pleasant surprise they received.

With Peter Hines as moderator and the following as speakers, many phases of the Indian question were mulled over.

Affirmative—1. William Cohen, 2 "Bob" Coyne, 3. John Rexine.

Negative—1. Herbert Leondar, 2. Francis Pfau, 3. George Mulhern.

After a brief statement by School Committeeman Clement Norton the lower classes returned to class feeling very much exhilarated.

* * *

This concerns all of us: "Should we have Compulsory Military Training as a National Policy in Peace Time?"

Some people say that it would be harmful to the democratic principles of our founding fathers; others say it would build youth up mentally, morally, and physically; while the War Department says it is necessary for military purposes.

What are the answers to these puzzling conditions? If you want to be well in-

formed on this question, come to the Prize Debate at Latin School Auditorium on Tuesday, May 22, 1945 at 8:00 P.M. and hear:

Affirmative — Oliver MacLeod, Paul Kennedy, Peter Hines, (Rebuttal), Donald Burns.

Negative—John Corcoran, Paul Kelley, Alfred Sullivan, (Rebuttal) Nathaniel Cohen.

Attention: Here's "Something of Interest" to drillers in the street parade, but especially to members of the Band and Drum Corps. The following suggestions are worth keeping in mind in regard to instruments and marching. You are going to be judged on these points:

Appearance: neatness of uniform; cleanliness of instrument; alignment of marchers; posture; and style.

Rhythm: cadence—about 120 steps per minute; and accent.

Ensemble: purity of tone (clearance); balance (all sections sound equal) intonation; technique (clearness of notes); character and calibre (if the march played is a good selection).

In the recent *Record-American-Sunday Advertiser* oratorical contest in Faneuil Hall on "James Monroe and the Monroe Doctrine", Brendan MacGovern of Class II won fourth place and a \$50 War Bond for his efforts. Represen-



tatives from each of Boston's public and parochial high school competed. Congratulations.

* * *

All who attended the Dramatics Club's presentation of the Charlie Chan mystery comedy "The House Without a Key" seemed to enjoy themselves immensely if noise was a sign. Peter Hines as Charlie Chan was very impressive, as were "Bob" Coyne as a flashing Boston socialite (ahem!); Sid Myers, Nat Cohen, Donal Burns, Paul Kelly and Joe Richards. All did an excellent job. The stage crew, too, deserve much credit for precision and smoothness.

What have we here? The Boston Teachers Club produced a play entitled "A Full House" at the Latin School Auditorium, May 17-18 to help Boston's needy teachers. What makes it all the more interesting is the fact that seven members of the Latin School faculty were active in its production: Messrs. Edward F. Brickley, J. Stephen Patten, Cyril J. Neville, Aaron Gordon, John A. O'Keefe, James A. L. Callanan, A. Isabelle Timmins.

Mr. Mark Russo, capable director of the B.L.S. Dramatics Club, was coach.

BRENDAN J. MACGOVERN

THE SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

By HARLAN B. HAMILTON, '46

About 1900, a little man in a village of Westphalia, Germany, thought that it would be a good idea if the village children would leave their small world of drudgery—of tending pollards and like tasks to see and enjoy other parts of their country. Arthur Schillman was sure that they would love the beautiful Rhine and the old romantic castles along her banks. A hike through the Black Forest would set youthful hearts aglow.

The children walked together; and since the children were mostly poor, a number of friends established several hostels at farms or small inns. Here, the children could spend the night inexpensively. They were given clean beds and blankets and could buy eggs, milk, and vegetables at low prices. Often the houseparents (the owners of the hostels) would donate the supplies.

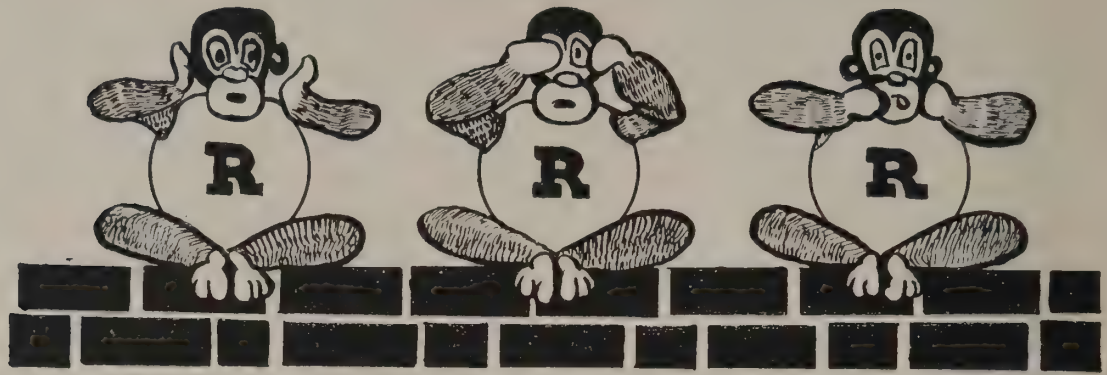
Gradually, as people became interested, hostels appeared all over Europe. One could slip a knapsack over his shoulder and, in the company of friends, spend several days walking. Soon many old castles rang with the carefree laughter of children. As hostels increased,

they became united under one management, and a small charge was made for each overnight stay.

About the time Theodore Roosevelt was elected president, Monroe Smith, travelling in Europe, became acquainted with hostels in France. He liked them so well that he was determined to establish them in the United States. In 1910, the first American hostel was founded at Northfield, Massachusetts.

Hosteling at once became popular. For the first-time rich and poor, children and adults could travel in a healthful, inexpensive manner. People cycled from one hostel to another. Only hikers or bikers were permitted to stay at a hostel, and that rule holds true still. Hostels are now spread all over the world and may be visited by any member.

It has been recorded that two boys, aged fourteen and fifteen, made a thousand-mile bicycle trip at the cost of only twenty-one dollars to each. In the event that my reader may have the wanderlust, he should write to headquarters at Northfield.



THE RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

- April 9:* Well, here we are for the last time this year to say hello and good-bye, ma frens—So, let's go!!!
- April 10:* Class I reported to the Assembly Hall today to rehearse the Class Song. Conclusion: Frank Sinatra has no competition here.
- April 11:* Tickets for the most talked-of production in the U. S. were put on sale today. Be sure you don't miss that super-colossal presentation "The House Without a Key"! (Your bill will be in the morning mail, Doctor.)
- April 12:* Ye R.R.R. turns to the serious side, as does the whole nation, to pay tribute to President Roosevelt.
- April 13:* "Peter and the Wolf," by Prokofieff, was the selection played by the Music Appreciation Club today. No comment, please.
- April 16-20:* Ah, *ma cherie!* Le vacation iss here! It is beaootifuol, no? Yess? No? Yess? No? Ye-ahhh, quiezzzzzz . . . yawn . . . zzzz. . . .
- April 23:* A postponed Class Day took place today. What a *mighty* class!
- April 24:* What is B. L. S. coming to? Overheard in the corridor: "Did you hear about the moron who put a chair in the coffin for rigor mortis to set in?" Oh, brudder!
- April 25:* Ye R.R.R. is informed today of very strange goings-in. What's this business of a Life-Saving Course? Every Friday sixth period off? *Now* they tell me!!
- April 26:* Classes I to VI were shown movies on blood plasma today.
- April 27:* Well, boys; heh-heh-heh, you've still got another chance. Anyway, Seniors, marks closed today. *This is the end!*
- April 30:* Student: Sir, do you think I'm crazy if I talk to myself? *Teacher:* No, but I do if you listen to what you're saying.
- May 1:* It is expected that at least three quarters of Class II will compete for parts in next year's annual play, after having seen tonight's performance. If you know what I mean, mmmmm.?
- May 2:* Club pictures were taken today. Almost every club in the school acquired at least ten new members because of this event.
- May 3:* Amazing! Astounding! Members of Class IV were told that they might go to another high school. Well, whadayaknow!! Ya can actchally git out if ya try hard enuff!
- May 4:* *Don't do that again!!* There were more plums produced today with the postponement of Prize Drill at B.L.S. than ever before in the history of agriculture. See, I told you it wouldn't work!!
- May 7:* Ah, Prize Drill at last! Nice going, Cols. Finn and Sullivan!!
- May 8:* Yippee! Yahoo, and hurray! V-E DAY!! Dismissed at twelve o'clock! WHOOPEE!!!
- May 9:* The Highway Safety Club was

awarded certificates today. Well, at least they've got *something* to show for their work!

May 10: A curious new word has been coined in the school. It can be pronounced duh, duah, and duuah. Well, this is Latin School!!

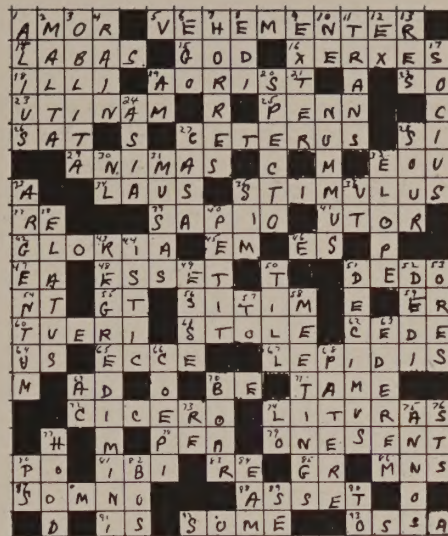
May 11: The big moment has come!! At least we may reveal the names of those who know all, see all, and hear all. We hope our overripe corn hasn't affected you too violently and that we haven't made too many enemies. So until next year, never tell any secrets to

Merrill R. Lovinger, '45

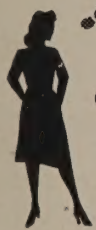
or

Clifford G. Vernick, '46

IRWIN M. BRAVERMAN



(Solution to puzzle on page 14)



Take a short cut to the "TOP"

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WRITE FOR DAY OR EVENING OR SUMMER CATALOG

RICHARD H. BLAISDELL, President

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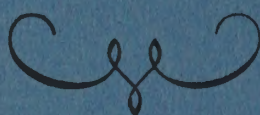
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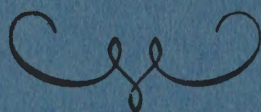
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